

The Albany Register.

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ALBANY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1869.

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The Albany Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
COLLINS VAN CLEVE.

OFFICE ON CORNER OF FERRY AND FIRST STS.,
OPPOSITE W. W. PARRISH & CO.'S STORE.

TERMS—IN ADVANCE.
One Year, Three Dollars
Six Months, Two Dollars
Single Copies, Ten Cents

ADVERTISING RATES.
One Column, per Year, \$100; Half Column,
\$60; Quarter Column, \$35.
Transient advertisements per Square of ten
lines or less, first insertion, \$3; each subsequent
insertion, \$1.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ALBANY BATH HOUSE.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECT-
fully inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity
that he has taken charge of this establish-
ment, and, by keeping clean rooms and paying
strict attention to business, expects to suit all
those who may favor him with their patronage.
Having heretofore carried on nothing but
First-Class Hair Dressing Saloons,
he expects to give entire satisfaction to all.
Children and Ladies' hair neatly cut and
shampooed.
JOSEPH WEBBER,
proprietor.

GEORGE W. GRAY, D. D. S.

GRADUATE OF THE CINCINNATI DEN-
tal College, would invite all persons desiring
artificial teeth, and first-class dental operations,
to give him a call.
Specimens of Vulcanite Base with gold-plate
linings, and other new styles of work, may be
seen at his office, in Parrish & Co.'s brick, (up
stairs) Albany, Oregon.
Residence—Corner Second and Baker sts. 2

D. B. RICE, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
ALBANY, OREGON.

OFFICE—ON SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN
street.
Albany, September 19, '68-24

E. F. Russell,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Solicitor in Chancery and Real Estate Agent.
Will practice in the Courts of the Second, Third,
and Fourth Judicial Districts, and in the Supreme
Court of Oregon.
Office in Parrish's Block, second story, third
door west of Ferry, north side of First st.
Sg. Special attention given to the collection of
Claims at all points in the above named Districts.

Powell & Flinn,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW
and Solicitors in Chancery.
(L. Flinn, Notary Public.)
Albany, Oregon. Collections and conveyances
promptly attended to.

Hiltabedel & Co.,

**DEALERS IN GROCERIES AND PRO-
visions, Wood and Willow Ware, Confection-
ery, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Notions, etc.**
Main street, adjoining the Express office, Albany,
Oregon.

W. W. Parrish & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
in General Merchandise, Albany. The
best Goods at the lowest market prices. Mer-
chantable Produce taken in exchange.

E. A. Freeland,

DEALER IN EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
School, Miscellaneous and Blank Books,
Stationery, Gold and Steel Pens, Ink, etc. Post-
office Building, Albany, Oregon. Books ordered
from New York and San Francisco.

S. H. Claughton,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND REAL ESTATE
AGENT. Office in the Post Office Building,
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J. Barrows, L. Blain, S. E. Young,

J. Barrows & Co.,
GENERAL AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Dealers in Staple, Dry and Fancy
Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery,
Boots and Shoes, Albany, Oregon.
Consignments solicited.

C. Mealey & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS
in all kinds of Furniture and Cabinet
Ware, First street, Albany.

Albany Weekly Register

JOB PRINTING

OFFICE,

First street, (opposite Parrish & Co.'s store).

Albany : : : Oregon.

HAVING a very fair assortment of material

we are prepared to execute, with neatness
and dispatch, all kinds of

PLAIN AND FANCY

JOB PRINTING

such as
Hand-bills,
Programmes,
Bill-heads,
Cards,
Ball Tickets,
Pamphlets,
Labels,
Blankets

of all kinds,

at as low figures as a due regard to taste and good
work will allow. When you want anything in
the printing line, call at the Register office.

What I'd do for her I Love!

I overheard a moonstruck hembra, the other
night, remark that he loved a certain young lady
well enough to die for her. I know I love some-
body very much, and—
I'd swear for her—
I'd die for her—
The Lord knows what I'd bear for her;
I'd fight for her—
I'd drink the Calypso dry for her I
I'd "cuss" for her—
I'd "muss" for her—
I'd kick up a thundering fuss for her I
I'd weep for her—
I'd leap for her—
I'd go without my sleep for her;
I'd fight for her—
I'd hit for her—
I'd walk the streets all night for her;
I'd plead for her—
I'd bleed for her—
I'd go without my food for her;
I'd shoot for her—
I'd hunt for her—
A rival who came to suit for her;
I'd kneel for her—
I'd seal for her—
Such is the love I feel for her;
I'd ride for her—
I'd swim against wind and tide for her;
I'd try for her—
I'd cry for her—
But hang me if I'd die for her I
N. B.—Nor any other woman.

Pontius Pilate and Jesus Christ.

We lay before our readers this morn-
ing a curious document, with which, or
something like it, some of them are
doubtless familiar. It is one that is much
prized among the Cherokee Indians, and
read in the families of the nation as a
veritable history of the relation sustained
by PILATE to JESUS CHRIST, and the
scenes attending the trial and the cruci-
fixion. It has been forwarded to us,
says the *Missouri Republican*, to be
printed for the use of the Cherokee Na-
tion, all the copies of it now in issue
among them being much dilapidated by
constant handling. There are evidently
some errors in phraseology in the manu-
script as sent to us, some of which we do
not attempt to correct, because of uncer-
tainty as to what substitutions to make.
We publish it mainly as we have received it.

PONTIUS PILATE IN VIENNE.

Vienne in Dauphiny, a province in
France, the ancient capital of transalpine
Gaul under the Roman's is situated on the
river Rhone. There, on the left bank of
the beautiful stream is seen a tomb of
an ancient architecture, which according
to tradition is the tomb of Pontius Pilate,
under whose government Jesus Christ
suffered—*Passus est Pontio Pilate.*

It was in Vienne also that the Wand-
ering Jew revealed himself in 1777. A
most remarkable occurrence; the spot
that contained the ashes of the judge of
the righteous, was to be trodden on by a
descendant of his accuser.

The following chronicle was extracted
from an old Latin manuscript, found in
a monastery in Vienne. It was under
the reign of Caligula, when C. Marus
was praetor at Vienne, that an old man,
bent with age, yet of full stature, was
seen to ascend from his litter and enter a
house of modest appearance near the
temple of Mars. Over the door of this
house was written in red letters the name
of F. Albinus. He was an old acquaint-
ance of Pilate. After mutual salutations,
Albinus observed to him that years had
elapsed since their separation.

"Yes," replied Pilate, "many years—
years of misfortune and affliction. Ac-
cursed be the day on which I succeeded
Valarus Gratus in the government of
Judea. My name is ominous; it has been
fatal to whomsoever has bore it. One of
my ancestors printed an indelible mark
of infamy of the fair front of imperial
Rome, when the Romans passed under
the *Caudena Fervida* in the Samnite
war; another perished by the hands of
the Parthians in the war against Armin-
ius; and I, miserable me—

"You miserable," asked Albinus
"what have you done to entail misery on
you? True, the injustice of Caligula,
has exiled you from Vienne, but for what
crime? I have examined your affair in
the *Tabularium*. You are denounced
by Vitellus, Prefect of Syria, your enemy,
for having chastened the rebellious He-
brews, who had slain the most noble of
the Samaritans, and who afterwards with-
drew themselves on Mount Garizim.
You are also accused of acting thus out
of hatred against the Jews."

"No," replied Pilate, "no! by all the
gods, Albinus, it is not the injustice of
Caesar that afflicts me."
"What, then, is the cause of your afflic-
tion?" continued Albinus. Long have
I known you—sensible, just, humane, I
see it. You are the victim of Vitellus."
"Say not so, Albinus; say not that I
am the victim of Vitellus;—no; I am
the victim of a higher power!"
The Romans regard me as an object
of Caesar's; and the Jews as the severe
Proconsul; the Christians, as the execu-
tioner of their God!"

"Of their God did you say, Pilate?
Impious wretches! Adore a God born
in a manger, and put to death on the
cross!"
"Beware, Albinus, beware," continued
Pilate, "if their God had been born un-
der the purple, he would have been ad-
ored. Listen! To your friendship I will
submit the events of my life, you will

afterwards judge if I am worthy your
hospitality. On my arrival at Jerusalem
I took possession of the Praetorium,
and ordered a splendid feast to be pre-
pared, to which I invited the Tetrarch
of Judea, with the high priests, and his
officers. At the appointed hour no
guests appeared. This was an insult
offered to my dignity. A few days after-
ward the Tetrarch, deigned to pay me a
visit. His department was grave and
deceitful. He pretended that his relig-
ion forbade him and his attendants to sit
down at the tables of the Gentiles, and
to offer up libations with them.
I thought it expedient to accept of his
excuse, but from that moment I was con-
vinced that the Congress had declared
themselves the enemies of the conquer-
ors.

At that time Jerusalem was all con-
quered cities, the most difficult to govern,
so turbulent were the people that I lived
in momentary dread of an insurrection.
To repress it I had but a single centurion
and a handful of soldiers. I requested a
reinforcement from the Prefect of Syria,
who informed me that he had scarcely
troops sufficient to defend his own province.
Insatiate thirst of empire; to ex-
tend our conquests beyond the means of
defending them! Among the various
rumors that came to my ears there was
one that attracted my attention. A young
man, it was said, had appeared in Galilee,
preaching, with a nobleunction, a new law,
in the name of the God that had sent him.
At first I was apprehensive that his de-
sign was to stir up the people against the
Romans, but soon were my fears dispell-
ed. Jesus of Nazareth spoke rather as
a friend of the Romans than of the Jews.
One day in passing by the place of Siloe,
where there was a great concourse of the
people, I observed, in the midst of the
group, a young man leaning against a
group, who was calmly addressing the mul-
titude. I was told it was Jesus. This
I could easily have suspected, so great
was the difference between him and those
who were listening to him. His golden
colored hair and beard gave to his ap-
pearance a celestial aspect; he appeared
to be about thirty years of age. Never
have I seen a sweeter or a more serene
countenance. What a contrast between
him and his hearers, with their black
beard and tawny complexions! Unwill-
ing to interrupt him by my presence I
continued my walk, but signified to my
secretary to join the group and listen.

"My secretary's name was Manlius.
He was the grandson of the chief of the
conspirators who encamped in Etruria,
waiting Cataline. Manlius was an an-
cient inhabitant of Judea, and well ac-
quainted with the Hebrew language.
He was devoted to me and worthy of
confidence.

"On entering the Praetorium I found
Manlius, who related the words Jesus
had pronounced at Siloe. Never have
I heard in the Peticio, or in the works of
the philosophers, anything that can com-
pare to the maxims of Jesus. One of
the rebellious Jews, so numerous in Jeru-
salem, having asked him if it was law-
ful to give tribute to Caesar, Jesus re-
plied, "*Render unto Caesar the things
which are Caesar's, and unto God the
things that are God's.*"

It was on account of the wisdom of
his sayings that I granted so much lib-
erty to the Nazarene; for it was in my
power to have him arrested and exiled to
Pontus, but this would have been con-
trary to that justice, which has always
characterized the Romans. This man
was neither seditious or rebellious; I
extended to him my protection unknown
perhaps to himself. He was at liberty to
act, to speak, to assemble and address
the people, to choose disciples unrestrai-
ned by any Praetorian mandate.

"Should it ever happen—may the
gods never avert the omen—should it
ever happen I say, that the religion of
our forefathers be supplanted by the reli-
gion of Jesus, it will be his noble tolera-
tion that Rome shall owe her premature
obsequies, whilst I miserable wretch! I
shall have been the instrument of what
Christians call providence, and we—destiny.

"But this unlimited freedom granted
to Jesus provoked the Jews—not the
poor but the rich and powerful. It is
true that Jesus was severe on the latter,
and this was a political reason in my
opinion, not to control the liberty of the
Nazarene. "Scribes and Pharisees"
would he say to them, "you are a race of
vipers—you resemble painted sepulchres."
At other times he would sneer at the
proud aims of the Publican, telling him
that the mite of the poor widow was
more precious in the sight of God. New
complaints were daily made at the Pre-
torium against the insolence of Jesus.
I was even informed that some misfortune
would befall him—that it would not be
the first time that Jerusalem had stoned
them who called themselves prophets.
And that if the Praetorium refused justice,
an appeal would be made to the Caesar,
if that happened. My conduct was ap-
proved of by the Senate, and I was
promised a reinforcement of troops after
the termination of the Parthian war.

"Being too weak to suppress a sedition,
I resolved upon adopting a measure
that promised to establish the tranqui-
lity of the city, without subjecting the
Praetorium to humiliating concessions, I
wrote to Jesus requesting an interview
with him at the Praetorium. He came.
"Oh Albinus! now that my blood runs

cold in my veins, and that my body is
bent down under the load of years, it is
not surprising that Pilate should some-
times tremble, but then I was young—in
my veins flowed the Spanish mixed with
Roman blood, as incapable of fear as it
was of puerile emotions.

"When the Nazarene made his appear-
ance, I was walking in my basilic and
my feet seemed fastened with an iron
hand to the marble pavement. He was
calm—the Nazarene—calm as innocence.
When he came up to me he stopped, and
by a single sign seemed to say to me,
here I am.

For some time I contemplated with ad-
miration and awe this extraordinary type
of man—a type of man unknown to our
numerous painters, who have given form
and figure to all the gods and all the he-
roes.

"Jesus," said I to him, at last—and
my tongue faltered—"Jesus of Naza-
reth, I have granted you, for the last
three years, ample freedom of speech,
nor do I regret it. Your words are
those of a sage. I know not whether you
have read Socrates and Plato, but this I
know that there is in your discourses a
majestic simplicity that elevates you far
above those philosophers. The Emperor
is informed of it, and I, his humble rep-
resentative in this country, am glad of
having allowed you that liberty of which
you are so worthy. However I must not
conceal from you that your discourses
have raised up against you powerful and
inveterate enemies. Neither is this sur-
prising. Socrates had his enemies, and
he fell a victim to their hatred. Yours
are doubly increased against you on ac-
count of your sayings, against me of the
liberty extended toward you; they even
accuse me indirectly of being lazequed
with you for the purpose of depriving
the Hebrew of the little civil power
which Rome has left them. My request
—I do not say order—is that you be
more circumspect for the future, and
more tender in rousing the pride of your
enemies, lest they raise against you the
stupid populace, and compel me to em-
ploy the instruments of justice."

The Nazarene calmly replied:
"Prince of the earth, your words pro-
ceed not from true wisdom. Say to the
torrent to stop in the midst of the
mountain, because it will uproot the trees
of the valley; the torrent will answer
you that it obeys the laws of the Creator.
God alone knows whether flows the wa-
ters of the torrent. Verily I say unto
you, before the Rose of Sharon blossoms,
the blood of the just shall be spilt."

"Your blood shall not be spilt," re-
plied I with emotion. "You are more
precious in my estimation, on account of
your wisdom, than all the turbulent and
proud Phari sees, who abuse the freedom
granted to them by the Romans, conspire
against Caesar, and construe our bounty
into fear. Insolent wretches, they are
not aware that the wolf of the Tiber
sometimes clothes himself with the skin
of the sheep. I will protect you against
them. My Praetorium is open to you as
an asylum, it is a sacred asylum."

Jesus carelessly shook his head, and
said, with a grace and divine smile:
"When the day shall have come there
will be no asylum for the son of man,
neither on the earth, nor under the earth,
the asylum of the just is there (pointing
to the heavens,) that which is written in
the books of the Prophets must be ac-
complished."

"Young man," answered I, mildly,
"you oblige me to convert my request in-
to an order. The safety of the province,
which has been confided to my care re-
quires it. You must observe more mod-
eration in your discourses. Do not infringe
my orders, you know. May happiness
attend you. Farewell."

"Prince of the earth," replied Jesus,
"I came not to bring war into the world,
but peace, love and charity. I was born
the same day on which Caesar Augustus
gave peace to the Roman world. Persecu-
tion proceeds not from me. I expect
from others and will meet it in obedience
to the will of my Father, who has shown
me the way. Restrain, therefore, your
worldly prudence. It is not in your
power to arrest the victim at the foot of
the tabernacle of expiation."

So saying, he disappeared like a
bright shadow, behind the curtains of the
basilic.

Herod, the Tetrach, who then
reigned in Judea, and who died de-
voured by vermins, who was a weak and
wicked man, chosen by the chiefs of the
law to be the instrument of their hatred.
To him the enemies of Jesus addressed
themselves to wreak their vengeance on
the Nazarene.

Had Herod consulted his own inclina-
tions he would have ordered Jesus im-
mediately put to death, but though proud
of his royal dignity, yet he was afraid of
committing an act that might diminish
his influence with Caesar.

Herod called on me one day at the
praetorium, and on rising to take his leave,
after some insignificant conversation, he
asked me what was my opinion concerning
the Nazarene. I replied that Jesus ap-
peared to me to be one of those great
philosophers that great nations sometimes
produce; that his doctrines were by no
means sacrilegious, and that the inaction
of Rome was to leave him that freedom
of speech which was justified by his ac-
tions. Herod smiled maliciously, and
saluting me with ironical respect, he de-
parted.

The great feast of the Jews was ap-
proaching, and their intention was to
avail themselves of the popular exulta-
tion which always manifests itself at the
solemnities of a passover. The city was
overflowing with a tumultuous populace
clamoring for the death of the Naza-
rene. My emissaries informed me that
the treasure of the Temple had been em-
ployed in bribing the people. The danger
was pressing. A Roman centurion
had been insulted.

I wrote to the Prefect of Syria, re-
questing a hundred foot soldiers, and the
same number of cavalry. He declined.
I saw myself alone, with a handful of
veterans, in the midst of a rebellious city,
too weak to suppress a disorder, and
having no other choice left but to tole-
rate it. They had seized upon Jesus,
and the seditious rabble although they
had nothing to fear from the Praetorium
believing in the faith of their leaders,
that I winked at their sedition, continued
vociferating "crucify him," "crucify
him."

Three powerful parties had combined
together at that time against Jesus.
First the Herodians and the Saducees,
whose seditious conduct seemed to have
proceeded from double motive. They
hated the Nazarene, and were impatient
of the Roman yoke. They could never
forgive me for having entered their holy
city with banners that bore the image of
the Roman Emperor, and although in
this instance I had committed a fatal er-
ror, yet the sacrifice did not appear less
heinous in their eyes. I had promised
to employ a part of the treasury in the
Temple in erecting edifices of public
utility. My proposal was scowled at.
The Pharisees were the avowed enemies
of Jesus. They cared not for the gov-
ernment, but they bore with bitterness
the severe reprimands which the Naza-
rene, for three years, had been continually
throwing out against them wherever he
went. Too weak and pusillanimous to
act by themselves, they had eagerly em-
braced the quarrels of Herodian and the
Saducees. Besides these three parties,
I had to contend against the reckless and
profligate populace, always ready to join
a sedition and to profit by the disorder
and confusion that resulted therefrom.

Jesus was dragged before the council
of the priests and condemned to death.
It was then that the High Priest,
Caiaphas performed a devisory act of sub-
mission.

He sent his prisoner to me to pron-
ounce his condemnation and secure his
execution. I answered him that as Jesus
was a Galilean, the affair came in
Herod's jurisdiction, and ordered Jesus to
be sent thither.

The wily Tetrach professed humility,
and protesting his preference to the lieut-
enant of Caesar, he committed the fate
of the man to my hands. Soon my palace
assumed the aspect of a besieged cit-
adel; every moment increased the num-
bers of the seditious. Jerusalem was in-
undated with crowds from the mountains of
Nazareth. All Judea appeared to be
pouring into the devoted city.

I had taken a wife, a girl from among
the Gauls, who pretended to see into fu-
turity. Weeping and throwing herself
at my feet, "beware," said she to me,
"beware and touch not that man, for he
is holy. Last night I saw him in a vis-
ion—he was walking on the waters—he
was flying on the wings of the wind. He
spoke to the tempest, to the palm trees,
to the fishes of the lake—all were obedi-
ent to him. Behold! The torrent Mount
Kedron flows with blood! the statues of
Caesar are filled with the filth of gemo-
nide, the columns of the Interior have
given way, and the sun is veiled in
mourning like a vestal in the tomb. O!
Pilate, evil awaits thee. If thou wilt
not listen to the vows of thy wife, dread
the curse of a Roman Senate—dread the
frowns of Caesar."

By this time the marble stairs groaned
under the weight of the multitude. The
Nazarene was brought back to me. I
proceeded to the Hall of Justice, followed
by my guard, and asked the people, in a
severe tone, what they demanded. "The
death of the Nazarene," was their reply.
"For what crime?" "He has blas-
phemed; he has prophesied the ruin of
the temple; he calls himself the Son of
God—the Messiah—the King of the
Jews." "Roman justice," said I, punishes
not such offences with death." "Crucify
him, crucify him," belched forth the re-
lentless rabble. The vociferations of the
infuriate mob shook the palace to its founda-
tions. There was but one who ap-
peared to be calm in the midst of the
vast multitude. It was the Nazarene.
After many fruitless attempts to protect
him from the fury of his merciless pro-
secutors, I had the baseness to adopt a
measure, which at the moment, appeared
to be the only one that could save his
life.

I ordered him to be scourged, then
calling for an ewer, I washed my hands
in the presence of the clamorous multi-
tude thereby signifying to them my dis-
approval of the deed.

But in vain, it was his life that these
wretches thirsted after. Often in our
civil commotions, I have witnessed the
furious animosity of the multitude, but
nothing could be compared to what I
beheld in the present instance. It might
have been truly said that on this occasion,
all the phantoms of the infernal regions
had assembled at Jerusalem. The crowd
appeared not to walk; they are borne off

and whirled as a vortex rolling along like
living waves from the portals of the Pre-
torium even unto Mount Zion with howl-
ing screams, shrieks and vociferations,
such as were never heard in seditions of
Panonia, or in the tumult of the Forum.

By degrees the day darkened like a
winter twilight, such as had been at the
death of the great Julius Caesar. It was
likewise towards the ides of March. I
the continued Governor of a rebellious
province, was leaning against a column
of my basilic, contemplating athwart the
dreary gloom these fiends of Tartarus
dragging to execution the innocent Naza-
rene.

All around me was desert; Jerusalem
had vanished forth her indwellers through
the funeral gate that leads to the Gemon-
ica. An air of desolation and sadness
enveloped me. My guards had joined
the cavalry, and the centurion, to dis-
play a shadow of power, was en-
deavoring to maintain order. I was
left alone, and my breaking heart admon-
ished me, that what was passing at that
moment appertained rather to the history
of the gods, than to that of man. Loud
clamors were heard proceeding from Gol-
gotha which borne on the winds, appeared
to announce an agony such as never had
been heard by mortal ear. Dark clouds
lowered over the pinnacle of the Temple,
and large ruptures settled over the city
and covered it as with a veil. So dread-
ful were the signs that were manifested,
both in the heavens and on the earth,
that Dionysius the Areopagite, is reported
to have exclaimed, "*Either the Author of
Nature is suffering, or the Universe is fall-
ing apart.*"

Toward the first hour of the night I
threw my mantle around me, and went
down into the city toward the gates of
Golgotha. The sacrifice was consummated.
The crowd was returning home still agi-
tated, it is true, but gloomy, taciturn and
desperate. What they had witnessed
had struck them with terror and remorse.

I also saw my little Roman cohort pass
by mournfully, the standard bearer having
veiled his eagle in token of grief, and I
overheard some of the soldiers murmur-
ing strange words, which I did not com-
prehend. Others were recounting prodig-
ies almost similar to those which had
so often smote the Romans with dismay
by the will of the gods. Sometimes
groups of men and women would halt,
then looking backward toward Mount
Cavalry would remain motionless, in ex-
pectation of witnessing some new prodigy.

I returned to the Praetorium, sad and
pensive. On ascending the stairs, the
steps of which were still stained with the
blood of the Nazarene, I perceived an old
man in a suppliant posture, and behind
him several women, in tears. He threw
himself at my feet and wept bitterly. It
is painful to see an old man weep.
"Father," said I to him mildly, "who are
you, and what is your request?" "I am
Joseph of Arimathea," replied he, "and
am come to beg of you upon my knees,
the permission to bury Jesus of Naza-
reth." "Your prayer is granted," said I
to him, and at the same time ordered
Manlius to take some soldiers with him,
to superintend the interment lest it should
be profaned. A few days after the se-
pulchre was found empty. The disciples
of Jesus had risen from the dead, as he
had foretold.

A last duty remained for me to per-
form; it was to communicate to Caesar
the details of this deplorable event. I
did it on the same night that followed
the fatal catastrophe, and had just fin-
ished the communication when day began
to dawn.

At that moment the sound of clarions,
playing the air of Diana, struck my ear.
Casting my eye towards the Caesarean
gate, beheld a troop of soldiers, and heard,
at a distance, other trumpets sounding
Caesar's march. It was the reinforce-
ment that had been promised me—two
thousand chosen men—who, to hasten
their arrival, had marched all night.
"It has then been decreed by the Fates,"
cried I wringing my hands, "that the
great iniquity should be accomplished—
that for the purpose of averting the
deeds of yesterday, troops should ar-
rive to-day! Cruel destiny, how thou
sportest with the affairs of mortals! It
was too true, what the Nazarene ex-
claimed, when writhing on the cross—
"*All is consummated.*"

The first cast-iron plow in America,
patented by Charles Newborn in 1797,
has recently been presented to the New
York State Agricultural Society, by John
Black, of Mt. Holly, N. J. The plow
consists of share, land-side, sheath and
mould-board, and was all cast in one piece;
the point was very soon broken, and was
never used afterward. The inventor
spent about \$30,000 in perfecting and in-
troducing his plow, and failed.

Valuable as the Koh-i-noor diamond
is, it comes far short of being the most
valuable jewel in the world. That distinc-
tion is reserved for a rough diamond in
possession of the King of Portugal, which
was found in the diamond district of
Brazil. It is as large as a hen's egg,
weighs one thousand six hundred and
eighty carats (over eleven ounces), and
is estimated to be worth £57,000,000.

A "worthy citizen, recently deceased,"
is spoken of by a Texas paper as "a man
of great energy who had a Roman nose
with strong religious tendencies."